



WE PRINT
Accidents, Marriages and
Scandals With Great Cheer
BECAUSE
WE KNOW
WHO OUR SUBSCRIBERS IS
WE ALSO PRINT
JOB WORK

BINGVILLE BUGLE

INERGA FATUM PARIT
BY NEWTON NEWKIRK

EVERYBODY
WANTS
SUNTHINK
WHAT IS THE RESULT?
THEY GET NOTHINK
ADVERTISE
IN THE
BINGVILLE BUGLE
And See What You Get



THE BINGVILLE HORN-BAND COMING DOWN THE STREET.



JED SWUNG HIS ARMS ABOVE HIS HEAD AND THREW THE TABLE OUTEN BALANCE



JASPER TARBELL HAD A GARTER SNAKE TO BITE AT HIM TOTHER DAY WHICH RIZ HIS HAIR



BRAD SAYS HE DECLARES TO GOODNESS HE THORT THAT COLT WOULD SPLIT HIM CLEAN UP TO THE NECKBAND

THE BINGVILLE BUGLE!

The Leading Paper of the County

Bright—Breezy—Bellicose—Bustling



How doth the buzz little bee
Improve each shining hour—
By gathering honey all the day
From every sparkling flower.

The cheapest advertising medium in the country. If you believe in advertising come and see us. For further information call on or address the editor.

We take our pen in hand to write a red hot 4th of July editorial and we do so with considerable bashfulness being as the 4th of July is a occasion which it is hard to do justice to with no other weapon than a poor weak pen in the human hand.

The 4th is something that comes but onct a year and then it only lasts but one brief day and is gone and past forever until the next 4th arrives. Let us as respected citizens of Bingville make the most of this 4th of July—let us holler and yell and shoot off firecrackers and blow tin horns, if we have any, and make all the noise we possibly can in order to show to the world at large how patriotic we be. Let it not be said of Bingville that we failed as a town to rise to the occasion and that the pusillanimous town of Hardscrabble, for instance, done more to celebrate the Glorious Fourth than we done.

For the benefit of the most of our respected citizens of Bingville perhaps we ort to explain the meaning and significance of the 4th of July. In every community there is always a lot of ignorant ignoramus who when the 4th arrives hollers and yells and makes a powerful noise, but if you was to ask them to their faces what they was doing so for they would probably not be able to tell you off-hand.

The 4th of July is the birthday of independence in the U. S. On the 4th of July in the year 1776 the patriots of America declared that this was a free and independent country with equal rights for all and partickler favors to none, e pluribus unum forever, amen. On that day this country set down its heel on the neck of the oppressive tyrant and has kept it there ever since, thank goodness. The grand old Liberty Bell was rung with such violence that it was cracked and otherwise busted from centre to circumference and ain't been much good ever since except as a relic of their glorious days. That's what the 4th of July is, and now when anybody asks you what you are hollering and celebratin so for, you will be able to answer them intelligently.

As patriotic editor and prop. of the Bingville Bugle we hope that all residents of Bingville regardless of sex, age, nationality, race

or previous condishion of servitude will take a day off on this 4th of July and help to swell the noise of rejoicing becuz we are all free and equal and thus fittingly celebrate this glorious birthday of independence. Whosoever does not do so will be regarded as a traitor and conspiritor and not worthy to be called a citizen of this community.

SPECIAL NOTICE—This editorial was wrote several days ago and at the time we was not aware that the 4th fell on Sunday. Being as Bingville has went and took yesterday (Saturday) as the 4th instead of Sunday, a full account of which appears in another column of this issue, this editorial might seem a little mite out of place but we print it anyhow—it helps to fill up.

Pertinent Personalities

Well, the 4th is over. It was a great day. Quite a hot spell of weather we are having.

Cy Hoskins perdicts that we will have a early winter. It seems to us this is purty early to begin to perdict a early winter—it is too all fired hot at the present writing to perdict cold weather.

Little Tommy Barker, who has been running about in his bare feet all summer, has a stone bruise on his heel, and as a result he ain't running about quite so much, being as he has his foot bandaged up in a bread and milk poultice.

Lafe Whittacre says this has been a terrible hard summer on his ice. Lafe calculates that nearly all the ice he put in his ice house has already disappeared and summer not half gone—it simply melted.

Mrs. Mary Ann Whittacre is having the board fence in front of her residence whitewashed, which adds much to the attractiveness of the place.

Amzi Gookins, who fought in the Civil war, ain't received his pension money yet this month and Amzi is purty uneasy about it. Amzi says he can't see why a government don't tend to business better and send him along what it owes him.

Jabez Crum desires us to state that he has a couple of oxes which he will sell cheap. If Jabe desires to let the people know that he has a yoke of oxes to sell, let him advertise in the Bugle and pay for it. If Jabe thinks we are going to advertise his oxes free for him he is mistaken.

Miss Amelia Tucker, our reigning society queen, is broke out all over with something like a scarlet rash. Probably it's hives, Amelia.

Stole

While I was into the P. O. for my mail tother day I purchased a stamp from P. M. Eph Higgins and took out my wallet to pay for same and laid down the wallet and when I went to pick it up it was gone. Now I know who was in the P. O. with me at the time and unless said party returns said wallet and contents, which was \$9.60 cts., I will have the law on him and probably send him to jail for obtaining money under false pretense. Beware, you theef!

SI SLOCOMB.

LATER—Sinst writing the above I have discovered that I put my wallet in another pocket which is some think I hardly ever do which is why I thort it had been stole. Therefore I won't cause any innocent person any trouble for stealing it.

A Big 4th

The Birthday of American Independents Was Celebrated With Much Auspiciousness in Our Midst—To Hear How Loud the Eagle Screeched Lissen to the Follering Acct. of the Day's Doings:

The glorious Forth was celebrated in Bingville in a fitting manner yesterday and even at this hour as we go to press the echo of what took place in our midst has scarcely died away. In other words Bingville done herself proud and the celebration of the day will go down in local history as one of the most opishious occasions which has ever took place in this neck of the woods.

The day was ushered in by Snide Petersby & Clem Wilkins two of our most patriotic citizens. Snide and Clem thort they ort to do something to start in the day right so Friday night after all the inhabitants had went to bed they tuk some drills and a hammer and perceeded to the big stone mounting block in front of Hen Weathersby's store and drilled a hole about sixteen inches deep and a inch in diameter down into the stone. It was terrible hard work and when they was through it was nearly midnight. Then they filled the hole with blasting powder, put in a fuse and rammed it down tight and made it already to set off at daybreak as a kind of saloot as you might say. Then they went home for a few hours' sleep but was back about day break.

Snide he tetches a match to the fuse and then they both run up Main st. and the powder went off with such a terrible explode that it was herd all over Bingville. The houses in the immediate vicinity was shook and winders rattled. Snide and Clem come back to see the effects of the blast and when they seen the pieces of rock had broke five lights outen Hen Weathersby's store they started to run off home and wasn't going to say anything about what they had did tords the 4th, but Hen Weathersby who was awake by the noise as was everybuddy else in Bingville looked out his window and seen them running off and recognized them, and Hen says he will bring suit aginst them for mutilating his winders no odds how patriotic they be. Hen says patriotism is all right, but too much of anything is a plenty.

Prompt at 10 a. m. the Bingville horn band formed in line at the Town Hall and marched up and down Main st. dispensing loud musick and follered by a long line of our most respected citizens.

At 2 p. m. there was a mass meeting at the town hall where Jed Peters intelligent school teacher was advertised to deliver a 4th of July oration, but it was found that the crowd of Bingville folks and them as had come into town from the surrounding country was too big for the Town Hall to accommodate so Jed he suggested that being as it was a nice day the mass mtg. be held in the public Square where everybuddy could hear and this was did.

Jed he stood on a table which was perched on top of some boxes so that everybuddy could see and hear him and he made a terrible good speech. There was only one drawback to it—when Jed had reached the climax of his speech where he was stirring the hearts of his hearers with patriotism by his fiery eloquence he swung his arms above his head and throwed the table outen balance and the table and boxes come down with a crash with Jed on top of them. Jed was picked up by willing hands considerable stunned and his head was bumped so that he said he guessed he couldn't go on with his speech so he went home in disgust to bathe his head

while the crowd dispersed in various directions.

About 3 p. m. a big dinner was served on the church lawn by the Ladies' Aid Society of the Bingville church—the proceeds to be devoted tords paying Rev Sam'l Moore our beloved paster something on his back salary. Sandwiches, coffee, leans, brownbread, pie, cakes, et cetera too numerous to mention, was served at reasonable prices. Of course them as had brung their dinners with them from out of town didn't haft to buy any.

After it got dark the fireworks began to go off in various parts of the town—Roman candles, rockets, buzz-wheels, snakes-in-the-grass, fire crackers, etc with great eclat. It is a wonder the whole entire town wasn't set on fire. Jason Tucker chief of the Bingville Fire Dept. kept his men assembled together near the Town Hall in the basement of which the fire pails is kept ready to respond prompt to the first alarm of fire, but fortunately none occurred.

Several persons got their hands burnt more or less by fireworks which went off before they was ready, but there wasn't no fatalities. Old Dad Henderson had his whiskers singed by a Roman candle which went off prematurely in the crowd in the hands of persons unknown. Dad says if he only could find out who done it he would make it as hot for them as they did for him. Taken all in all the 4th of July in Bingville this year was up to everybody's fondest expectations.

Ain't Broke as Yet

Brad Gookins tried to break that 2-year-old sorl colt of his again last week and the colt come near breakin Brad's fool neck insid. Brad he managed to get a bridle and saddle onto the colt and led her out into the pasture back of the barn, and after some time he swung himself into the saddle. The colt begin to kick up behind, but she found she couldn't git Brad off that way, then she begin to buck stiff legged and Brad says he declares to goodness he thort that colt would split him clean up to the neckband of his shirt before she got through with him.

Then before Brad could figger what she was a going to do next she rared up on her hind legs and then jumped onto her front feet and Brad went head over heels over her ears and lit on his back in the field so hard that he couldn't git his breth back for most a minnit.

Brad chased the colt around the field for a hour before he ketched her, and then he took off the bridle and saddle and turned her loose to graze. Brad says he reckons he'll break that colt if it takes him all summer, but for the present he's got enuff of her.

Bill Kicked

Bill Hepburn, our artistic blacksmith, met with a painful axident on last Thursday which give him a awful pain in the stummick and Bill says he wouldn't wonder a mite if he was hurt internally and externally.

Simon Cruikshank from Snake Bend brought Bill a mule to be shod last Thursday forenoon. Bill asked Simon if the mule was safe and gentle. Simon said as far as he knowd it was—that he had only swapped for it with Brent Hooper of the Co. seat a few days before and Brent told him the mule was as quiet and gentle as a lamb.

Bill he tied on his blacksmithing apron and went up behind the mule and tuk holt of its off hind foot and told the mule to hist and the mule hist, not with one foot but with both feet, and hauled off and kicked Bill right into the stummick a awful wallow that sent him clean across the blacksmith shop and backwards into his tub of cooling water.

Soon as Bill could get onto his feet he grabbed up a pr. of iron tongs and begin to beat the mule, and told Simon if he didn't take the critter outen his shop he would kill it probably, so Simon he done so and returned home.

Country Correspondence

SLAB CITY.

Mrs. Sam Hankins has returned home after a pleasant visit with Mrs. Jemima Peppers at Hickory Corners and reports a pleasant time having had.

Jasper Tarbell had a garter snake to bite at him tother day as he was walking along the road. Jasp nearly stepped on the snake before he seen it and says his hair riz right up on end he was so scared.

Arioch Perkins has offered to sell 50 acres of his land, which is mostly stone and swamp land, and we calculate he will be a long while selling same.

Widow Jones it is roomered will be jined in the holy hands of wedlock in the not far distant future to a well-known bachelor down Hardscrabble way. There is a good deal of talk about it too in this neighborhood, being as the widder's late husband's grave, who died little less than a year ago, ain't scarcely grassed over yet.

Susan Beebe took butter & eggs to the Co. seat last Tuesday and traded them out for groceries.

These is all the items we can think of at this writing. VOX POPULL

Local Items

Doc Livermore, who was on the sick list last week, is better at this writing. We calculate Doc got ashamed being sick and braced up—a doctor always ort to set a good example of fine helth.

While Mrs. Her Andrews had a batch of dough baking in her out oven last week bleamed if the old oven didn't go and cave in and the dough was squashed into the dirt. Mrs. Andrews was a good eal put out over it.

Amri Hoover from over Sorrow Hollow way was a visiter to the Bugle office recent. Amri has been a steady subscriber to the Bugle for the past 19 years and brags about it. Amri ain't never paid us a cent on his subscription sinst he subscribed and if he would do so that would be something worth bragging about.

Our attention has been called to a hole in the culvert which crosses Main St. in front of the P. O. which some horse is likely to get its foot in one of these days and break a leg and then the town will have a damage suit on its hands. This hole ort to be fixt at once and without delay.

Subscribe for the Bugle and get all the news fresh every week. If you don't get fresh news in the Bugle it ain't our fault—how can we print the news fresh unless our subscribers tells us about them?

NOTICE!

This is to whoever it concerns—I will not pay a cent of debt contracted by my wife, who can't seem to lern the value of a dollar, so I have decided to lern her. Any person who trusts her does so at their own risk and peril, because I won't pay her debts—I have had enough' time paying my own.
HEN WILSON.

Bingville.

LOST!

I lost a laprobe while driving home from the Co. seat one night recently. Will the finder please leave it at the Bingville P. O. I will call for it next Tuesday ev'g. if not before. Thanking you in advance I am
JIM GALLOWAY.

Snake Bend.